CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Gone a Song.

(Nashville Americ

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the cold, in the face of the
wrong;
In spite of the chill I, you'll fight it
out,
And show a heart that is brave and
stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refrain
the tears,
You'll force the ever reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward
cries
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a smile and
song,
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
If you'll sing a song as you go along;
You'll find that the lowy, rushing
throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
That the sun will follow the blinding
rain;
That the clouds will fly from the black-
ened sky;
That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope
descends
From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song,
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

—REPUBLICAN.

Faith.

(Washington Star.)

Come up, Obadiah! Don't you fret
When de fox am strong;
Neither we'nor no bollin' yet
Which way it wah safe for bet.
Sowin dah's 'wonderful' dat won't let
Victories go wrong.

Chorus.

David lick de giant
By jes' a keepin' cool,
An' Solomon also he stump
Wif de jes' hone ob a mule.

Don' puh worry 'bout de fate
Ob dat Canaan host;
Tell Miss Cubia fish to wait,
Overtarter tiremal' soon or late;
Fain' de sine, I want her state,
Dat 'll count for most.

Chorus.

David lick de giant
By jes' a keepin' cool,
An' Samson slew de shrine
Wif de jes' hone ob a mule.

Conservatism.

Within the Empire York exist
A billion yearning hearts,
Man is a petty egotist
To think he only thinks.

To think he only struggles up
To God through toil and pain;
He is but one drop in a cup
Filled from the mighty main.

The flowers have tender little souls
That love, rejoice, aspire.
Much finer than on its orbit rolls
Feels infinite desire.

The diamond longs to assimilate
When hit beneath the sod.
The universe is animate
With Consciousness of God.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Country Path.

Here in the country's heart,
Where the green is green,
Life is the same as ever life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still true,
And a ball at noon
Floats with the thought of God,
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all.

—NORMAN HALE.

"News that Nourish."

Dawn that rises and thrust flow'rs
Full unheard o' silent hours;
Streams which keep meadows green,
Often flow unnoticed unseen.

Violets hidden on the ground,
Throw their balmy odors round.
Viewless in the vaulted sky
Larks pour forth their melody.

Rainbows those, which well suppose,
Virtue in unheeded loveliness
Unobtrusive and unknown,
Fait but in its fruits alone.

—BERNARD BANTON.

Just Right.

(Harper's Bazar.)

"Is she tall or short?"
"I never thought."
"Is she dark or fair?"
"You've got me there."
"Is she fair as day, or black as night,
All I've observed is, she's just right."

"Is she six foot high, or four feet three,
Her's the height that just suits me."

NOW FOR A SMILE.

An Interrogation.—"I do wonder," said Miss Cramp, thoughtfully, "what kind of a wife my husband lady means by putting 'P. P. C.' on her card." "That means she is going away, I replied the daughter. "Oh, I see, and she wants me to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car." "—Washington Star.

"That novel of your's Kendal's is no earthly good."

"Why do you say that?"

"I took it out on the porch yesterday and somebody stole it."

"I don't see how that proves its worthlessness."

"Don't you? Well, the thief brought it back."—Detroit Plain Dealer.

Wickwire: Fither Nodge is more humble than any other known man, or he is a liar.

Yabsley: Will you please explain?"

Wickwire: He says he doesn't think he would look well in knickerbockers.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Dear me! Dear me!" he said,
"I'm afraid
That I've been
Overpaid!"
The bashful culprit smiled very
sweet
And "Never mind," she answered.
"Don't mention it," he stammered again.—Detroit Journal.

Drummer: That fellow Lasenberry, lounging over there, is of very little account, is he not? Sprem Corners Merchant: Little account! Why he's so worthless that he's the most expert whittler in the village.—Judge.

"Jes laying up my treasures in heaven," said Uncle Eben.

"If you anticipate drawing upon them after death," he said, "I would not waste time laying them up there."

It was her time, and not her words, however, that made the hot she heard and so many some one who had a few held up on earth.—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Flougher: That almanack is unreliable, Hiram. Hyar you said tew-morrer from yesterday 'cause it predicted rain an' a purtier day never was.

Mr. Flougher: It certainly air unreliable in forstellin' th' weather; but it dew beat all creation as a guide to tell about a mine, sackety w'en th' moon is goin' low or full. Ax if you don't bect. Just summer we noticed in Crimson Gulch a man on th' hillside, an' by jemkr w'en the sun rolled down it was just to the skinnock sack.—Judge.

Kentucky Colonel: Sir, sir, have you canvassed our town pretty thoroughly in order to secure the views of our citizens in regard to the Cuban question?

Capitalist: I think I have called upon about all the prominent business men.

Kentuckian: Have you talked with Col. Pete sar?

Capitalist: Pete? No; I dont believe I have met him.

Kentuckian: You ought to see Col. Pete by all means. He's one of our most intelligent citizens.

Capitalist: I guess I'd better head him up. What street is Col Pete's saloon on?

Formality: "Have you completed that indictment of corporate trust magnate?" asked one of another in the prosecuting Attorney's office. "Pretty nearly." "Well, I want to see it." "It is in V. P.' at the end of it."—Washington Star.

"That was a mean trick they played on the house snake at the last place he performed," remarked the snuffed man, cracking a hickory nut with himself. "He had been trained to ride a beautiful sailor's knot, and the dwarf, who was clever, walked up and stuck a scarf pin into him."—Harper's Bazar.

"George, I wish you'd leave this little package at the express office."

"No can do, Mamie. I guess not. Besides, I've got to buy both my ties and handkerchiefs down in the regular shop."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Knocked-Out Knuckle (faintly): Was me wife to be gallery? Are shure! Billy Buffalo: Yes, why? Knocked-Out Pugilist: Are yez sure she'll wear a hat that was in de ring wid me?—Judge.

Mr. Jackson (home late for the first time): I know I'm a little late. Alice dear. You really should'nt sit up and wait especially for me.

Mrs. Newwed: Supper, dearest. It's too late for supper. I've laid the break-fast table.

He never did it again.—Boston Transcript.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a self-made man."

"I take it for granted," returned the smart young man, looking the old fellow over critically, "that if you had it to do over again you'd let the contract out."

The young man had no expectations in that quarter anyway, so the remark fell.

had no effect upon his future.—Chicago Post.

Van Brunt—Lord Salisbury again made the announcement that the peace of Europe is in peril.

Dilworth—Did he add that Greece is expected to pay for the damage on the police?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Tommy—Paw, what does it mean when a man is "in the hands of friends?"

Mr. Figg—Well, a barkeeper under arrest is a pretty fair example."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I thought you said, Dempsy, that you would never allow your wife to ride a wheel?"

"So I did, but she happened to beat me at it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Then art fairer than the day!" he cried, with a poet's fervor.

The warm color suffused her cheek.

"Fairer than the 3-hour day?" she asked, eagerly; for she had been taught to think that way fair indeed, and to all parties concerned.—Detroit Journal.

"My erring brother," said the Salvation Army worker, "do you not know that it is just as good a sin to steal a pin as to steal a gold watch?"

"Guess you got it about right," said Billy the Bill. "After this I'll just stick to steal a gold watch. It's not worth nothing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Enslaved Business Men.

When trusts control the production of nearly all the goods in which a business man trades, he learns what slavery means. He must obey orders or incur ostracism, which is death. No man he can find some line of trade free from trust mastership and that is becoming more and more difficult as the passage of time. How perfect is the power of the sugar trust over its unfortunate dealers. The sugar has again been revealed. The government recently advertised for bids to supply the Indian Bureau with 1,250,000 pounds of sugar. Six bids were filed. The lowest was from an importer, who offered the foreign article at six cent one hundredths of a cent a pound less than the others. The government accepted it and let the importer. The five unsuccessful bidders were dummies, and so registered as such. The trust—not because they wanted to do that, but for the reason that they could not help themselves. The price of American sugar is fixed by the trust. "We, the factors," was one of them explained, "must sell at just the price the trust dictates. When the price changes we are notified, and are governed by the new figure. If we should depart from them, the American Sugar Refining company would quote us a price on sugar that would be prohibitory and drive us out of the business. In this Indian Bureau case many of us could have bid as low as the successful one and made a profit, but we didn't dare to."

Doubtless Mr. Havemeyer is astonished at the government refusing to be held up. He is accustomed to accomodation at Washington. The official announces William A. Jones, commissioner of Indian affairs, "will accept no donations from the sugar trust, or any other corporation. I took this commissioner-ship intending to conduct the office on business principles. If you I propose to do or get out." Mr. Jones will probably get out—not just at present, of course, but as soon as Mr. Havemeyer is of the opinion that such a foe to protection and home industry can be properly punished without contracting too much public attention. The most patriotic reasons will be furnished for the expulsion of Jones. They are being supplied in advance. Witness the moving plaint of this lover of the old flag, who is also a thrall of the sugar trust:

This is a nice move for a protective administration. They

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call a special session of congress to revise the tariff to help along the home industry and at the same time throw over home sugar in favor of the foreign product. All this for a difference of 16 cents on a hundred pounds!

When it comes to a conflict between money and sentiment, the sugar trust ever rises superior to the sordidness. "Who," once inquired Mr. Havemeyer with an airy scorn for trifles, "who cares for half a cent a pound being added to the price of sugar? "You do," came the insulting answer from a gentleman who has written the trust's history of pillage.

And this same sugar trust, which compels American business men to do its will as if they were serfs on its plantation, is issuing its orders also to the United States Senate, commanding that home industry shall be crushed by taking millions of dollars yearly from the pockets of the people and handing over the money to the modest Mr. Havemeyer and his partners in theft and corruption.

The right thing to do would be to smash this swollen and insolent trust by depriving it of all tariff protection.—New York Journal.

Having bought out J. T. Stuart's float line I respectfully solicit all trade in that line. All goods handled with care and prompt-ness. Storing household goods a specialty. Yours truly,

R. B. HAREN.

"I'm mighty glad my wife cannot see into anything her s wheel," said the loan passenger.

"Makes her happy, eh!" said the passenger.

"She is so stuck on riding that she not going to clean house this year."—Indianapolis Journal.

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